TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

The Oldest Man in the World.

We copied recently a sketch of Fortune Snow, a colored man near Louisville, Ky., who is said to be one hundred and twenty-four years old, and was styled "the oldest man in America." The Sterling (Ky.) *Sentinel* now prints the following account of another colored man of that State, who may with safety be called the oldest man in the world. Perhaps the end is not yet:

"Sam Bowles, who lives near the foot of that wonder of nature, Carrington's rock, one of the attractions of that charming resort of summer, the Olympian Springs, in Bath county, is the oldest darkey in the country. Sam is so old that the clock in his rude cabin long ceased ticking off the hours, old Father Time having given up in disgust the job of numbering the nours, days, weeks, months and years that stretch out that old nigger's life a long ways back toward the dying hour of the late Mr. Methuselah, who was said to have been no spring chicken when he handed in his checks. Sam claims to have been the cook on the vessel that brought Christopher Columbus over. He doesn't know his exact age at the time, but thinks he was upward of forty. He was born in Africa, and was presented to Queen Isabella by a Moorish prince who courted her favor.

"He is one of the most remarkable specimens of humanity in existence. He doesn't remember how long he has been blind, but distinctly recollects that the last sight his eyes ever looked upon was that great warrior, Ponce de Leon, kissing an Indian princess behind an angle of the stone fort that eminent military General erected at San Augustine, Fla., and which still stands as a proof of the correctness of the old darkey's memory. His blindness was brought about by his being stung in the eye by a mosquito or an alligator or a buffalo, he doesn't know which, as he was asleep. He lost his last tooth one hundred and fifty years ago, and owing to chronic rheumatism in the gums, he has been compelled to subsist by smelling his victuals.

"Taken altogeter, old Sam Bowles is a curiosity, and we have no doubt of the truth of his story, for he proved it to us on the spot. 'Why, massa,' said he, 'do you see dat dornick out dar?' meaning Carrington's rock. We assured him that we saw it very plainly. 'Well, said he, 'I planted dat dornick when it was no bigger than a warnit (walnut) de day I first settled heah, an' you may know dat's been no little while.' We believed him, and came to the conclusion that he is really older than he claimed to be, for, though no geologist, and never having tended a crop of rocks, we are satisfied that it took substantial old Carrington several thousand years to reach his present imposing proportions. When we suggested that it was that ancient mariner, Admiral Noah, for whom he cooked, he emphatically insisted that it was Columbus, whom, he maintains, was a better sailor in a minute than Noah was in three years' voyage. Not being posted in nautical matters, we gave in to the old darkey's superior knowledge of things pertaining to the sea. He thinks his life has been prolonged by drinking the Olympian waters, the only beverage he uses, a barrel of which Mr. Gill has had hauled over to his cabin regularly every week for about a hundred years."

Brown's Burden.

The Boston *Traveller* says: "Brown, our insurance friend, was told by his wife on Saturday to be sure and bring home at night something nice to eat. So he purchased a couple of watermelons. Not owning a paper-mill, the dealer could not do them up, and Brown took the market-basket, containing their Sunday dinner, between his teeth, a watermelon under each arm, and started for the cars. First one melon slipped back while the other went forward, and while balancing them by an ingenious system of jerks the basket got swinging and nearly pulled every tooth out of his head. Brown retired to a door-way and readjusted things, and coming out, started on his way, with the consciousness of being late for the train. Oh! how slippery those melons were! They lurched and slid, and rolled and revolved on their axes, until Brown thought they must be alive. Then a man passing by, who saw Brown doubled up, and trying, while half-seated on the sidewalk, to bring equilibrium into play once more, offered to help Brown. So Brow stood up, and the man pushed one melon frontward and the other backward, and everything would have been all right had he not pushed the latter one too far back, so that it slid out from under Brown's arm into a tub of eggs that luckily stood on the sidewalk and prevented the melon from being broken. Brown left it, however, after paying for some dozen eggs, also not taken by him, and started afresh, with but one melon. He was now obliged to run, and presented a truly pitiable sight, as the small children remarked who were fighting over the abandoned fruit. Finally he reached the depot just as the train had started, put the basket on the last platform, tossed the melon on after it, jumped on himself, saw the melon bound down the steps on the other side, and burst on the track, and then went home and told his wife he could not find any decent fruit in the market."

A CORRESPONDENT residing at Santa Barbara, California, sends the following "secret" for starting a balky horse: "Get him to think about something else while starting. One convenient, sure method is to put the hitch-rope around the fore foot, draw the foot forward off from the ground. In a few seconds the horse steps forward to get his foot on the ground, and is in motion. Away he goes. Let him go. Drive with a rein, without blinders, check, and stag-chain. Never worry his mouth when he is in motion."

THE 77th birth-day of three triplets, two men and one woman, named Litchfield, was celebrated a few days since, at Scituate, Conn., where they were born, married, and always lived with their families.

Jeff. Davis Interviewed.

A reporter of the Memphis *Appeal* interviewed Mr. Jefferson Davis the other day as to his speech at the White Sulphur Springs. Davis said his speech was then impromptu, and he thought it strange that "a few remarks addressed to a few friends and associates, on a subject upon which between them and myself there could be no diversity of opinion as to the propriety of a historical vindication of the course and conduct of the Southern people in the late war, should be regarded as an address made to the public with any expectation of affecting political opinion. But, waiving all question as to the character of the address, the place where it was made and the circumstances under which it was delivered, what is there in it to justify criticism or excite apprehension of an evil effect upon the efforts of those whose political success I desire? The expression which is usually referred to is that the Southern people have been more cheated than conquered. Now is this true or not? Did not the Congress of the United States, by solemn resolutions, assure the people of the South that there was no purpose to interfere with the institutions of the States? That the object was to preserve the union, and the purposes for which it was ordained and established? Did not the executive (Mr. Lincoln) by proclamation give like assurance to the people of the Southern States? Did not the United States generals commanding the departments encourage the same belief among the people? And did not all this lead to the impression on the part of very many that the war was waged for an abstraction, or at most for the preservation of property in slaves? And was not the consequence frequent desertion in the winter of 1864–65, and were not the people reluctant to furnish commissary supplies for the support of the confederate armies? And was not all this the result of the belief that their material interests and domestic peace might exist as well under one Government as the other? Has the result justified that belief? Is there any well-informed man who will not say, that had the armies known what a surrender would bring, they would and could have continued the struggle, and that the people of the country, as long as they had any food, would have contributed it freely to the support of the armies? And that the contest would have continued until the invader, wearied of what might be regarded as an endless struggle, would have returned, and, in the language of Gen. Scott, have allowed the 'erring sisters to go in peace?'"

In answer to a question regarding the word "cheated," used in his speech, he said:

"Of course the idea conveyed by the word 'cheated' was that the people of the South were deceived by assurances given them by the United States Government, through its officials, into the belief that if they laid down their arms they would be restored to all the advantages and privileges of citizenship which they previously enjoyed. The trials of a long war had made all men desirous of the ease of peace."

Mr. Davis said the Southerners "could have prolonged the war by withdrawing more into the interior, so as to compel the enemy to lengthen his line of communication, and it was the opinion of a soldier now no more, and in whose judgment the greatest reliancee was placed, that in the mountains of Virginia a defensive war could have been continued for twenty years."

A Southern Tragedy.

The Opelousas (La.) *Journal*, of Aug. 15, is responsible for the following:

"Down in the parish of St. Martin an old widow lady, whose children had all married off and left her alone, had been persuaded to sell her little place and live with them. She sold her land, buildings and improvements one day for $2,000, and received the money in cash on the spot, in her own house, where the act of sale was passed before two witnesses, the number required by law, and who witnessed also the paying of the money. In a short time she was to give possession, but she remained in the house the night following the sale all alone, or with no masculine adult inmates, as was her custom. That night two negro burglars broke into the house and demanded her money or her life. She gave it to them, but begged them to let her have $100, as she owed that amount and wanted to pay the debt, when she would be satisfied. They then ordered her to make some coffee for them to drink. In doing so she bethought herself of the strychnine she had in the house, and quietly dropped it into the pot of steaming coffee, and placed it on the table with cups, spoons and sugar for them to pour out and sweeten to their taste. This they did, and drank in a jolly mood, each one having $93 in his pocket. But in a few minutes the tables were turned. One gave up the ghost where he sat at the table in his chair, the other got up, staggered off a few feet and tumbled over into eternity. The good old lady recovered her money, and on examining the persons of the black, burglarious robbers, they turned out to be the two witnesses to the act of sale, both white men blackened for the occasion—both her neighbors, and one was her cousin."

A Hive of Bees in the Dead-Letter Office.

Among the unmailable matter sent to the Dead-Letter Office a few days ago was a package about ten inches in length by four in width, which, upon being opened, proved to be a small hive of bees. The pine box in which they were inclosed was perforated with twenty-four auger holes, twelve on each side. The bees were in these, each hole having a sponge in it saturated with some kind of saccharine matter for the sustenance of the occupants. These little cells or holes were covered with a fine wire to prevent the escape of the bees, which appeared to be in a good state of preservation, buzzing around in their narrow confines in quite a lively manner. They were evidently sent by some bee dealer to a customer or friend, the package, however, having no mark. What disposition will be made of them remains to be seen.—*Washington Chronicle.*

THERE are thirty-two cotton-mills in operation in Fall River, Massachusetts, representing a capital of nearly $15,000,000.

The Philosopher's Stone.

One is supriesed to remember how many eminent men have believed in the Philosopher's Stone as a means by which everything could be turned to gold. Roger Bacon believed in its production, and Arnold de Villeneuve professed that he could increase the stone at pleasure. In 1545 Henry VI. granted patents and commissions to find out the Philosopher's Stone, "to enable the king to pay all the debts of the crown in real gold and silver." No gold, of course, was ever made, but the king had a forge or smithy built for practice in Pall Mall, on the site of the first Carlton House. Ripley, the alchemest, wrote on "the twelve gates" leading to the discovery of the stone, in 1470, but he repented his wasted life, and begged all men would burn his books, which were "false and vain." Basil Valentine, the German monk, was of opinion that the metals were compounds of salt, sulphur, and mercury, and that the Philosopher's Stone was composed of the same ingredients. Cornelius Agrippa joined the French alchemists in searching for the stone. Dee and Kelly sought for the stone. Boyle and Sir Isaac Newton joined in a process for "multiplying gold," for which a company was established in London. Leibnitz joined a society of Rosicrucians in Nuremberg, in the pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone. Bergmann, the chemist, relates a number of cases in which gold was supposed to be formed by the use of the Philosopher's Stone; though they were the results of fraud, by secretly introducing into the crucible gold pretended to have been obtained by transmutation. Sometimes crucibles were made with a false bottom, gold or silver being concealed at the real bottom; when heat being applied, the false bottom disappeared, and the gold or silver was found at the bottom of the crucible. Sometimes gold or silver were introduced in charcoal—the hole stopped with wax—or in hollow rods with which the crucible was stirred, the end being closed with wax. A common exhibition was to dip nails in a liquid, and take them out half converted into gold. These nails were one-half gold and one-half iron, the gold being covered with something to conceal its covor, which the liquid removed. However, on the principle that "'tis an ill wind which blows nobody good," some benefits have accrued to mankind from the ancient practice of an art which is now considered a low delusion and imposture. The books of the alchemists show the effects of experiments; and though they were guided by false views, they made most useful researches, and thus laid the foundation of experimental science and modern chemistry. Two centuries ago, Sir Thomas Browne regarded alchemical studies as the cradle of chemistry.

One of the By-Gone Fashions.

It is a little singular how fashions come and go. Many of them at the time appear indispensable, but they noiselessly disappear and others come in their place, and we forget all about them. We were thinking the other day of that fashion which some years ago was more popular than any other, which was in such general use and seemed so fitted to its place, that it is doubtful if it was considered as a freak, any way, but was rather a necessary adjunct of society, which came in with the garment it was displayed on, and was as sure of the future as the garment itself. We refer to the fashion of turning up the pantaloon leg. The young men all did it in those days, and the variety of taste displayed in doing it was edifying to study. It was absolutely essential that the pants should be black, and the boots should be fine in quality with legs gracefully wrinkled. The width of the lap varied considerably, but one inch for the better class, and three inches for plebians appeared to be the standard. Rural people, to whom black doe-skins were not always suitable in absence of pavements, endeavored to incorporate the fashion on Kentucky jeans and light cassimeres, but it was a depressing failure. The white canvas presented no marked contrast to the rest of the leg, and when you saw a case, it made you sad and dissatisfied the rest of the day. There were others who rolled the leg, making a knotty, clumsy affair of it, and it was difficult to tell whether those people should be pointed at with scorn, or merely killed on the spot. In addition to being black it was necessary that the pants should fit rather snug about the boot. Otherwise the lap was not so smooth, and for awhile it was necessary to pin or stitch the lap up to keep it in place. But when it was snug up, and the broad black seam pressed flat, the boot polished, and the heel straight and narrow, it was difficult to imagine anything more comforting and sustaining. If we only had a dollar for every tear of joy we have shed over such sights there is no position of trust and honor we could not have. But the fashion has gone with the years that have passed before, and we watch its retiring form with eyes that are dimmed by emotion.—*Danbury News.*

A Wonderful Table.

A correspondent of an Eastern journal, now traveling in Russia, sends a description of the novel dining table of the Emperor, now in use in one of the Peterhoff palaces, near St. Petersburg. The table is circular, and is placed on a weighted platform. At the touch of a signal, like the rub of Aladdin's lamp, down goes the table through the floor, a new table loaded with fresh dishes and supplies rises in its place. But this is not all; each dish rests on a weighted disk, the table-cloth being cut with circular openings, one for each plate. If a guest desires a change of plate, he touches a signal at his side, when, *presto*, his plate disappears and another rises. These mechanical dining tables render the presence of servants quite superfluous. In this country, at the Oneida community, they employ dining tables having the central part made to revolve. Here the goblets, spoons, tea and coffee, castors, pitchers, and other necessary articles of table furniture, are placed; revolving the center piece, the sitter brings before him whatever article may be desired without the intervention of a special waiter. The Russians are evidentally in advance of the Yankees in respect to dining tables.

Too late for the *fair*—An old bachelor.

The Cost of Smoking.

To preach to a smoker about the hurtfulness of using tobacco, is like trying to dip water with a sieve; but I have always noticed that, when all other arguments have failed, there is one which will tell on the most obdurate. Begin to talk *money*, and if the hearer's purse is likely to be affected, you will see his mouth open and his eyes begin to sparkle with excitement, and for this reason I will show the cost of smoking for five years, from which the cost for a life time may be easily reckoned. We will say a young man begins to smoke when he is sixteen, and on an average smokes two cigars per day (which is a very low estimate), and continues until he is twenty-one. Now let us reckon the cost. For the first year he smokes two per day, at a cost of ten cents each, making for the year a sum of $73. Now if instead of spending this money he had put it at interest at the end of the first year, during the next year at six per cent. it would have gained $4.38, which, together with the $73 which he would smoke up, would give him, at the end of the second year, $150.38, which again put at interest, together with the $73 for this year, would amount to the neat little sum of $232.40 at the end of the third year. Again getting the amount and adding $73 for another year, the whole amount is swelled to $319.34, which he puts at interest at the beginning of the fifth year. By reckoning up his bank account at the expiration of the five years he is astonished to find that his cigars have cost him the round sum of $411.50—and this is not all. Smoking as well as chewing creates a thirst which must be satiated. For a time water may do, but the smoker will soon find that the terrible craving for drink cannot be satisfied with water, and therefore to "set himself to rights," he must have a glass or two of cider, and perhaps something stronger. No less than two glasses for each cigar will answer, for which he will pay five cents each, making another twenty cents per day which he will drink, which at the end of the five years will amount to another $411.50—making in all $832—a nice little capital for a young man just starting out in life.

I suppose that all I can say about the filthiness and other inconveniences of this habit will be words thrown away, but after considering this subject, I feel as though I could not lay down the pen without saying a few more words to those who have fallen victims to it.

Having occasion to go down to the village store on a stormy day, as I entered, my nose, mouth, throat and lungs were filled with a cloud of tobacco smoke. The shock which it gave me was so great that I came near being sick, and could not relish my food for several days afterward, while the sickening scent of rank tobacco clung about my clothes for a long time. Now if, besides losing their time, these men could be made to understand what beasts they were making of themselves, and how they were clouding their brains and darkening their intellects with every puff theo took, while every particle of air which they inhaled was mingled with the poisonous fumes of poor tobacco, and every cent of money they paid out for the weed was just so much paid out to insure a shortening of the number of their days, they would throw aside the pipe and hasten home and there set themselves about their business.—*Country Gentleman.*

The New Infernal Machine.

We mentioned the other day that the French Minister of Marine had sent out a circular warning ship-owners, captains, and insurance agents against the new "infernal machine," intended for the destruction of vessels which, for fraudulent purposes, it is desired to destroy. But for the respectful authority on which the warning was given, the alleged invention might have been regarded as a hoax; and, indeed, we suggested as much. It was no hoax, however, but a grim and horrible fact. The Birmingham *Daily Post* has seen one of the villainous contrivances. It is an irregularly-shaped piece of metal, about six inches long, by three broad, and two and a half deep; and it is so constructed as exactly to resemble a small block of steam coal. Indeed, the specimen we have is evidently modeled from an actual piece of coal, and it is colored a bright black, so skillfully that on casual inspection it would readily pass muster for coal, and so might be put into the coal bunkers of a vessel without exciting the least suspicion. The interior is hollowed so as to admit of the introduction of a detonating compound, and a mechanical contrivance is arranged in the hollow part so as to insure explosion at a desired moment. We have also an exact description of the materials employed to fill the shell—for such it may be called—but these, for obvious reasons, we decline to publish. There is only one thing satisfactory in reference to this diabolical invention—that it is not of English make.—*Exchange.*

Obituary of a Western Editor.

Ye editor sat in his rickety chair, as worried as worried could be, for ye devil was grinning before him there, and "Copy!" ye devil, sayed he. Oh! ye editor grabbed his long quill pen, and it sputtered ye ink so free, that his manuscript looked like a war map, when—"Take this," to the devil, said he. He scribbled and scratched through the live-long day, no rest or refreshment had he; for the devil kept constantly coming that way, and howling for more "cop-ee!" Day after day he scissored and wrote, a saying the whole countree; while ye devil kept piping his single note, "A little more outside cop-ee!" And when ye boys in ye newsroom hear the sound of unequal fray, the voice of a blow and a blasphemous word, "He's raisin' the devil!" they say. And oft when a man with a grievance came in, ye editor man to see, he'd turn his back with a word of sin—"Go talk to the devil!" sayed he. And ever and oft, when a "proof" of his work ye proprietor wanted to see, "Ye proof shall be shown by my personal clerk; you must go to the devil," sayed he. And thus he was destined through all his life by this spirit tormented to be; in hunger and poverty, sorrow and strife, always close to ye devil was he. Ye editor died. * * * But ye devil lived on! And the force of life's habits we see, for ye editor's breath no sooner was gone than straight to ye devil went he.

Forests and Freshets.

At the current meeting in Portland of the American Association, Dr. Hough, of Albany, read a paper on the rain-fall and its relation to forests. He had carefully analyzed the returns of the rain-gauge for a term amounting to 2,000 years, and from these he had attempted to deduce a law of secular changes in the fall of water. But the returns did not justify it. They show marked variations from year to year, and reveal great irregularities at many localities, and they also indicate great tendency to drought for years altogether. Dr. Hough strongly reinforces the doctrine of the relation of forets to the flooding of streams, and in so far bears out the argument of the State Commissioners in reference to the preservation of the Adirondack woods. In a cleared country the water flows quickly away to the streams; these are at once at high-water mark, and then a season follows when water is not to be found. The actual effect of the evaporation of rain drops on the leaves, and the chemical action which goes on in the plant is obvious in the humidity and temperature of the atmosphere where trees exist. One can observe this in a casual glance at open fields—the sunburnt look of one which is treeless is in contrast with the fresh and vernal appearance of the inclosure in which clumps of trees are found. Houses shaded by trees are damper than those not so protected. In the driest season, one who walks in the country will notice a sensible change in passing from a treeless waste to the vicinity of a forest or into the forest itself. The necessity of tree-preservation for economic uses cannot be overrated. The supply of lumber is rapidly failing. In Europe the forests are regulated by law, and crops of trees are harvested in rotation and upon a definate and prearranged system. France has altogether 13,226 square miles of protected forest. The code by which they are governed dates from the time of Colbert, who was a master-hand in regulation and State interference. He showed as great wisdom in this code as in any other branch of his system of administration. By the Colbert code, "oaks were not to be felled till ripe, that is, able to prosper another thirty years." The French have carried their system to Algeria, and have already added several rainy days to July and August. In this country, the French system is impossible. The State owns no forests, and the work of preservation and careful husbanding must proceed from the people. One generation will plant for another, and the small sapling of to-day will be a forest monarch fifty or a hundred years hence. No crop would be more valuable; no investment more certain. As Dr. Hough says: "It must come to be understood that a tree or a forest planted is an investment of capital, increasing annually in value as it grows—like money at interest—and worth at any time what it has cost, including the expense of planting and the interest which this money would have earned at the given date." Waste spots should be planted, and the increased value of farms, whose roadsides are lined with trees, should be apparent to all. There is wealth, and health and comfort in the suggestion.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A Mile a Minute.

Of the flight of a railroad train at the rate of sixty miles an hour, between Salem and Portland, in Oregon, on the occasion of the recent great fire at Portland, the *Evening News*, of the latter city, says:

The depots and towns along the road presented a ludicrous appearance. They seemed to be stretched out like a piece of rubber. The depots looked like bricks flying through the air, and telegraph-poles danced the "Highland Fling" to the music of the screaming whistle and the snort of the iron steed. The reins of steam were loosened, and the angry engine trembled as she bounded over the tinkling rails, scarcely touching them. With the speed of lightning, almost, she passed over bridges, around curves, and through deep gorges, hurrying on with her freight of human beings to aid a sister city in her dread affliction. In the short space of eighty-three minutes from the time of leaving the Salem depot the little Capital engine was doing beautiful work in the city of Portland. Although the train started thirty-six minutes behind time, it arrived at its destination thirty minutes ahead of time. Where can such rapid time be equaled? Where was prompter response ever made to a call so many miles away, and so soon answered? But one alone of the many passengers realized the dangers of the situation; the others would have said "Give her more steam," had that been their privilege. We have been told of a laughable incident that happened at Milwaukee. A gentleman who wished to come down in the train was in waiting at the depot, and had stepped out near the platform in order to jump on board as soon as the train started up. While waiting patiently, he turned his eyes up the track and saw something coming. Strange ideas flitted through his mind of death and hereafter. Not having time to reach tall timber, he embraced a large post in the shed, and clung to it for life. As the train shot past his hat was carried almost fifty yards, and his coat tails were both dislocated. As soon as he thought he was safe to loosen his hold, he made a break for home, bareheaded, having come to the conclusion he didn't care to go to Portland anyway.

THE days of summer grow longer as we go northward, and the days of winter shorter. At Hamburg the longest day has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven. At Stockholm the longest has eighteen and a half hours, and the shortest five and a half hours. At St. Petersburgh the longest has nineteen and the shortest five hours. At Finland the longest has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two and a half. At Wanderbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 2d of July, the sun not getting below the horizon for the whole of the time, but skirmishing along very close to it in the north. At Spitzenberg the long-day lasts three months and a half.

THE New York *Sun* has the enormous circulation of 125,000 copies daily, being larger than that of any other daily newspaper on the continent.

Miscellaneous.

JENNY LIND'S hair is brown and white. She might "do it up brown" entirely, if she was not one of those who were not born to die.

A MAN in Willimantic lately cut a hen's crop open, scraped out the bits of coal, and sewed it up again, and now she is cackling with her usual good spirits.

ENGLAND has lent to the Government of India the enormous sum of $1,000,000,000, and half as much more is to be called for for railways within the next twenty-five years.

THE increase of real and personal property in Boston this year, notwithstanding the great loss by fire, will be $7,000,000 over that of last year, and the rate of taxation will be $12.80 on $1,000.

THE Supreme Court of New Hampshire has just decided at Concord that railroad companies have no right to grant to any party or parties exclusive privilege to carry express matter over their lines.

THERE are in Paris thirty-two lines of omnibuses, with 665 vehicles and 8,118 horses. In 1872, 108,754,000 fares were collected. The taxes paid to the National and Municipal Government, exceeded 2,000,000 francs.

THE *Echo du Nord* announces authoritatively that the fortifications of Lille are about to be destroyed and a series of forts erected instead of them at a much greater distance from the city. The lessons taught by the Franco-Prussian war have evidently not been lost.

SPEAKING of a certain agricultural fair, a writer says that it consisted of a calf, a goose, and a pumpkin. It rained so hard the first night that the goose swam off, the calf broke loose and ate the pumpkin, and a thief prowling around stole the calf, and that ended the fair.

A LONDON letter says that at the approaching assemblage of German journalists, to be held at Hamburg, a German paper, which is about to be started at St. Louis, will be represented through a negro gentleman, its proprietor. He is well known as the only black journalist who has yet appeared on the continent of Europe.

SOME interesting archæological discoveries are reported in the mountain regions of Talamanca, in Costa Rica, in the shape of the ruins of three Spanish cities, which existed there 100 years ago. The ruins of an old Spanish fort were also found, with the cannon resting in their places, but all rusty and in a great conditon of decay.

KANSAS in 1860 had a population of 107,000. It now has 500,000 souls. In 1861, there was only $24,000,000 in taxable property. There was in 1871 $108,000,000. In 1861 there were 200 school-houses. There were 2,427 in 1872, In 1860 there was not a mile of railroad, but in 1873 there are 3,000 miles of iron track.

PROF. CHURCH, of Cirencester, the eminent agricultural chemist, announces that sulphate of lime appears to exercise a very remarkable influence in arresting the spread of decay in potatoes affected by the potato disease. In one experiment the salt was dusted over some tubers, partially decayed from this cause, as they were being stowed away. Some months afterward the potatoes were found to have suffered no further injury. A similar trial with powdered lime proved to be much less effective.

Tree Culture.

One of the most interesting papers read before the scientists assembled at the Portland Convention, says the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, was that by Prof. Hough, on forest culture. Though the consequences which may be expected to follow the destruction of timber begin to be better and more generally understood in this country, and though the Western pioneer may no longer regard the tree in the light of an enemy, our people are, unfortunately, yet very far from realizing how much their welfare depends on the preservation of their woods and groves. Until the popular mind can be thoroughly enlightened upon the subject, Prof. Hough suggests that the several State Legislatures should take the matter in hand, and not only pass laws to guard the country against being stripped of its forest trees, but to encourage the planting and cultivation of them. For this purpose the Professor proposes the following measures: 1. That all lands mainly valuable for their timber should be withheld from sale, and that the profits netted from the necessary thinning should go to the State. 2. That all lands planted for timber should be exempted from taxation for a limited time. 3. That bounties should be offered to counties, towns and individuals for the greatest number of trees planted and made to thrive. 4. That rail and other roads should be compelled to plant trees by their waysides. 5. That a tree tax, payable in tree-planting or money, be imposed. 6. That the trees by the wayside be protected against injury by adequate penalties. 7. That the elements of the sciences applicable to forest culture be taught in our public schools.

Pay Up.

The *Arkansas Statesman*, of Jacksonport, in plain prose and threatening verse, thus urges delinquents to pay up:

"We have several hundred dollars due us for subscriptions, and we want it. We are out of meat, money and other things. We are out at elbow. We are out of patience, and seriously contemplate running our face for about 200 postal cards, with which to remind those who owe us. Pay up.

"To avoid proceedings unpleasant,
We wish you would pay what is due;
If you do you'll oblige us at present;
If you don't then we'll oblige you.

"Persistently yours."

DR. REID, the celebrated medical writer, was requested by a lady of literary eminence to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address," said she, as she quitted the room, "No. 1 Chesterfield street." "Madame," said the Doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember Chesterfield, and, I fear, too selfish ever to forget number one."